

LOCAL EPWORTHIANS

Mass Meeting of the League of This Important Organization.

BRIGHT, ACTIVE CHRISTIAN WORKERS

Uniting the Efforts of the Young People of the Methodist Church.

THREE YEARS OF UNION

There is to be a gathering of Epworthians next Monday night at Hamline M. E. Church, corner 9th and P streets. As every one is aware that is at all familiar with active Christian work here in the District, as well as throughout the country, the Epworthians are members of the Epworth League, an organization which has its branches in all parts of the country and which represents to a large degree the active element among the young in that denomination. Every now and then the members of the Epworth chapters in the various churches of the city represented in the District Epworth League, meet and express for some of their abounding energy and enthusiasm by holding a mass meeting. That is what is going to be done on Monday and as usual an extremely interesting program has been arranged. Perhaps there will be room to hold all the Epworthians and friends who will want to attend the meeting. For Hamline Church has a spacious auditorium, but in any event those who get in will find that there is lots of go and life about a meeting of the Epworth League.

The program does not assign a single minute to dullness. There is to be singing by the District Epworth League Choir, the first appearance of that organization, and then a large number of songs, some of them with the way that this picked band of the young Methodist singers of the District manage the melodies and the harmonies of the Methodist hymnary they will be given a chance to do some singing on their own account, which is a fair and reasonable arrangement. There is to be an address of welcome on the part of the pastor of the church, Rev. E. S. Todd, D. D., and the president of the league, Prof. C. M. Lacey Sites, will respond. Reports will be made by the presidents of chapters and an address will be delivered by Rev. George Elliot, D. D. A song and testimony service will be conducted by Mr. James E. Pugh, and according to the prompt methods which the young people have of carrying out their meetings the benediction is to be pronounced at 9:30.

Not Three Years Old.

The District League, under the auspices of which the mass meeting will be held, was started on the road to organization some three years ago. In fact it was just three years ago today when a small number of young people of the city gathered in Wesley Chapel M. E. Church to organize a district Epworth League. The Epworth League had become the young people's society of the Methodist church and the young people here, appreciating the truth of the old saying that "in union there is strength," felt that a uniting of the Epworth Leagues of the city would mean extra strength and better work for each league individually.

The organization was effected January 12, 1891, the prime object being to promote Christian fellowship and work among the young people of the District. The constitution adopted admitted any approved young people's society of a Methodist church in the District, whether it was Epworth League, Christian Endeavor, Young People's Union or a similar society. A meeting of the board of control is held once a month. At this meeting every league in the District is represented, plans for league work are discussed, general ideas are exchanged and any help that can be given one league by another is given. A consecration meeting is held monthly and entertainments of a social character are held during the winter.

The first officers were Dr. Wm. C. Woodward. Other duties claimed Dr. Woodward's time to such an extent that he was obliged to resign shortly after his election. Mr. G. W. F. Swartzell was elected to fill the vacancy. The other officers were: Second vice president, Edward M. Hall; third vice president, J. Millard Fisher; fourth vice president, E. H. McKendree; secretary, Miss Fannie A. Meeks; treasurer, Mr. John T. Meeks. These officers served with success, and when they were relieved from the duties of office the league was going ahead at a great rate.

A district convention is held annually. The last was held in Wesley Chapel and the second and third in McKendree M. E. Church. Reports rendered at the conventions have shown a steady increase in membership each year. From a membership of less than 1,000 we have increased to over 2,000. Though not quite three years old, the league is fast accomplishing the object for which it was organized, and now all the young people's societies in the Methodist churches of the city are represented in the District League.

The present corps of officers are efficient and active, and the prospects of the league are bright and encouraging.

President Sites.

Mr. C. M. Lacey Sites, president of the District League, is well known as principal of the Eastern High School. He is a native of China, his parents being missionaries there, but he spent most of his boyhood in this city, under the care of his aunt, Mrs. A. P. Lacey. He graduated from the Washington High School in 1883 and from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1887. Mr. Sites is also president of the chapter at Metropolitan Church, where he is an active worker.

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James E. Pugh, the first vice president, is also the secretary of the Y. M. C. Association of this city, and while he is engaged heart and soul in the undiminishing work of the association, he has his church home at Foundry M. E. Church, where he is a teacher in the Sunday school, and keeps in touch with the young people in the Epworth League work. He is in charge of the spiritual work of the league and arranged for the mass meeting to be held on Monday night, as well as in visitation among the local chapters.

Miss Emma S. Perry, the second vice president, is in charge of the department of mercy and help. From childhood Miss Perry has been a member of Hamline Sunday school, and for a number of years one of its most efficient teachers. Since the organization of the Epworth League at Hamline she has been its second vice president.



Mr. George H. Harries.

Miss Perry has also been president of the Young Woman's Home Missionary Society of her church for the past five years.

Charles E. Roberts.

The third vice president, Charles E. Roberts, has been connected with the Douglas Memorial League since its organization. He is a teacher in the Sunday school and trustee of the church, and also superintendent of a summer Sunday school at Fairfax, Va. He was delegate to the sixth general conference district league convention at Chattanooga, Tenn., in November, 1891, and acted as secretary of the convention.

The secretary, Frank T. Israel, was a charter member and first vice president of the Benkelman, Neb., Epworth League, organized in January, 1890, and he also was a charter member and president of the Epworth League in Culbertson, Neb., organized in April, 1890. Coming to this city in June, 1890, he united with McKendree M. E. Church, taking an active interest in all departments of church work. He was one of the delegates to the organization of the District Epworth League, was elected treasurer of the McKendree chapter in September, 1892, and to the secretaryship of the District League November 22, 1893.

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Miss Annie K. Roller, the treasurer, is a member of the Fifteenth M. E. Church. She is a Sunday school teacher and organist, vice president of the Junior Temperance League, secretary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, superintendent of the juvenile temperance work in the Northwest Auxiliary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and second vice president of the Epworth League chapter of this church since its organization in 1891.

Geo. E. Terry.

The feature of this mass meeting will be the initial bow which the choir will make. Mr. George E. Terry, the chairman of the committee on that work, has promised excellent music.

Mr. Terry was the assistant librarian of the Sunday school of Hamline Church for two years, and for several years was in charge of the music in the Sunday school and young people's meetings, and was their baritone soloist in the church choir. Since last August he has transferred his membership to Grace M. E. Church, where he has been elected secretary and chorister of Grace Epworth League. His experience in music work has been very extensive in different church choirs of this city.

RUSE OF A DRUMMER BOY.

His Body Found Among the Fallen Hungarian Guards.

From the London Daily News.

Another name is added to the list of boy heroes of the French wars by the death of a drummer boy at the siege of Maubeuge, 100 years ago. The circumstances, overlooked at the time, were brought to light by modern historians of the French revolution.

Straub, or Stroth, as it is also spelt, was a drummer of fourteen in the French royal Swedish regiment. It was on October 15, 1793. The Army of the Convention had undertaken to raise the siege of Maubeuge by the Austrians, and Straub's regiment had been sent to occupy the village of Douliers. Regardless of danger, the young drummer slipped through the lines of Austrian skirmishers by hedges and ditches, and reached the center of the village, where he proceeded to perform on his drum a rattling call to arms.

The enemy, believing that the French had occupied the village, retreated in disorder. This enabled the French to get up to the first houses of the village. By this time the Austrians had discovered how they had been played with, and were in no humor to be played with. The drummer boy, however, ran for his life, but too late. Straub, in front of the church by Hungarian grenadiers, he fell, having himself shot down several of his assailants.

A peasant hidden in a loft had witnessed the whole scene. Some years later in the held on Monday night, as well as in visitation among the local chapters.

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PERILS OF NEWS GATHERING

Mr. George H. Harries Relates Many Interesting Personal Experiences.

Dangers of Editing in the Woolly West—Traveling Through a Blizzard and Digging Through Snow.

Mr. George H. Harries of the Star started Thursday night for the Carroll Institute on "Some of the Difficulties of News Getting." The lecture was filled with bright remarks, clear descriptions and good advice. Speaking of the trials of gathering news, Mr. Harries said: "The average newspaper reader rarely stops to ask how the material is gathered which is served up to him day after day. He is not aware that the procuring of the paragraph, or that column story involved great hardship, or threatened life itself. He sees condensed into a thousand words the labor of it, may be, weeks, scans with impatience page after page, and then finding only little or perhaps nothing that seems to interest him, throws the paper down and abuses its management, because the history of that particular day—of it is an afternoon paper—or of the day before, if morning journal, is made up of details that are either dull, or both. He has no idea as to the number of people who were approached for information, but who either had nothing to say, or else, having something, declined to impart. One of the least hopeful sources of news is the man of prominence, who in days gone by was the victim of the errors born of poor penmanship on the part of a careless reporter or publisher. In the case of the innate devilry in the best of chirography when a kindly deed is to be recorded. The most careful editing, the highest skill of the compositor and the searching scrutiny of the proofreader avail not in such instances. The rule has but few exceptions. I saw a scrap of fiction in a western paper some time ago which is essentially true and which indicates my point. Jacob Prellman contributed a scrap of fiction to a children's hospital. The Morning Sun said that Jacob Prellman had been liberal enough to donate \$25 worth of toys to the children's hospital. The Evening Star, however, in a similar publication as to one James P. Miller; the Semi-Weekly Planet gave credit to the generous John Pollin. Now, it happened that the man named in the Morning Sun and the Evening Star was arrested and brought before the police justice, and the Morning Sun, the Evening Star and the Semi-Weekly Planet were unanimous to effect that Jacob Prellman had been fined \$10 for being drunk and disorderly. Is it at all strange that after such an experience Mr. Prellman avoided reporters?"

The Dangerous Side.

Speaking further on the same subject, Mr. Harries said:

"Did you ever give a moment's thought to the dangerous side of the reporter's calling? Did you ever think of the possibility of his taking? When you read of a great tragedy and of the murderer's desperate resistance to arrest does your mind ever revert to the man who wrote the story and who was probably at the officer's side when the capture was made? A ten-line paragraph about a case told me that the man named in the paper was arrested and brought before the police justice, and the Morning Sun, the Evening Star and the Semi-Weekly Planet were unanimous to effect that Jacob Prellman had been fined \$10 for being drunk and disorderly. Is it at all strange that after such an experience Mr. Prellman avoided reporters?"

TACT IN GIVING.

True Kindness Oft Demands the Exercise of Judgment.

From James Miller's Monthly.

"Among the pleasures of wealth I count few others equal to that I enjoy at the holiday season in bestowing simple gifts that will give comfort to the worthy poor," said a charitable woman of lovely character a few days since. "I feel that the fortunate who are able to miss the experience of personal visits to those in want and distress at this season miss what would make their own lives richer and their hearts more gracious and kindly for the rest of the year."

I was deeply interested and inquired into this worthy woman's idea of true charity, and asked the privilege of accompanying her upon her mission of mercy to homes of poverty. She acquiesced, and I was surprised when she told me that most of her work was accomplished six weeks in advance of Christmas day.

"My idea of holiday help for the needy is to make the assistance bestowed as little like charity as possible," she said. "One can make the recipients of gifts to be again bestowed upon others so much happier by giving these things several weeks ahead. I have found that the best way to do this is to make a list of the names of the needy and late home, with a few gifts to be made to mothers of a little family as happy as raw material given several weeks in advance, to be worked into individual gifts for each child. It seems more as if they had not been given by others, when the mother can, with happy anticipation of the little one's delight, prepare the gift for the Christmas stockings. The knowledge that her own little ones are not to be left desolate amid the general rejoicing of the season will fill a mother's heart with a new joy and courage, in spite of adverse circumstances, for weeks before Christmas."

"I am going to several homes today," she continued, "and you may accompany me and judge the wisdom of my methods of gift-giving."

We started with her landau well filled with useful articles and a few well-selected toys for a humbler section of the city. At her house we stopped and found a mother and her four little ones. The father had been killed in an accident the year before. The poor woman was evidently in the first stages of consumption, and her husband, a mild-mannered creature had done to deserve such a poor fate.

"Good day, Mary," said madam, cheerfully. "I have just come from the market to be made up for the children for Christmas, for I knew that you would know just how to do these things to please them."

The gifts bestowed were good warm stockings, a full bolt of flannel for dresses, some simple toys and an inexpensive doll to be dressed for the baby.

"The poor woman's eyes brightened as she saw these things, then filled with tears."

"You are very good," she said. "The children sadly need dresses and stockings. I must admit. These will last all winter."

She handed the scraps provided for the children, and a charming motherly thought of her youngest daughter, who was on Christmas morning, and one could see that the idea of her dressing the doll was the purest of pleasures.

"By the way, Mary, I trust that you will take this tonic regularly; it is something that I always take myself when a little run down. Five dollars a bottle, but it is a few little trifles for the holiday dinners," she added, slipping that amount into the poor woman's hand. "I shall want to see the children in their dresses and cap and Ellen over with the baby after the New Year to let me know how you are getting on."

When we left that home we left the mother with a glad smile upon her face. She will have the extra work of making to do, but madam said that the happiness of doing the work herself will make her forget the bitterness of the fact that the gifts were those of charity.

Fighting a Blizzard.

Mr. Harries evidently experienced some cold weather out in Manitoba. In one part of his lecture he said:

"Perhaps some of you have seen a blizzard—not one of those amateur disturbances, but a real shrieking, freezing hurricane. If you have then you will be more readily appreciative of the several encounters I have had with the blizzard and that occasionally rattle the snowy mantle that for at least five months together covers the prairie soil of the land of the Great Spirit. Imagine if you will, a blizzard over the traveler and the Arctic ocean, while the drift northward is driven by a less and moved southward at the rate of nearly fifty miles an hour, picking up the snow and carrying it along in a never-ending blast. The temperature was 27 below zero. Not once in ten minutes was it possible for the rider to keep his head above the snow; his nose; there was no semblance of trail, and no visible landmark. For eight hours the struggle continued, and when it ended there was a heavy snow drift, and an all-over frost bite that had never been known even in Portage La Prairie. But we got the news."

Mr. Harries related a number of thrilling escapes from cold and dangers, among them being a particularly distressing journey in Idaho.

Through the Snow.

"It was essential," said Mr. Harries, "that I should make the trip from Leesburg, in the richly-aureiferous Prairie Basin, to a point in the Lemhi Valley, about fifty miles distant. It was a dark morning in the latter part of a springtime that vanished more than eleven years ago. I was met by a mouth with some of Bob Martin's coffee and moved into the snow which to the depth of three or four feet surrounded the little log hut."

"Strapped tightly to my moccasins-covered feet was a pack that weighed nearly seventy pounds. The first couple of miles were got along very nicely, but as the day began to appear rain fell and the snow crust was almost entirely destroyed. That was trouble to anyone whose equipment did not

include a balloon. Many a time was I upset in the melting mass, and there were several narrow escapes from dangerous situations. At about noon I reached the summit of the continent's backbone, and I know how glad I am—perched on one of the most obtrusive vertebrae—was to see below me the Salmon and Snake rivers, and the snow-capped peaks of the mountains. With perhaps a trifle too much of confidence in my skill, I traveled very rapidly down the enticing declivities. Then, in the last and most precipitous of the down grades with the snow line not more than a mile away, I fell. I fell, and the speed was terrific, the strap of my riding girth snapped and for a few yards I traveled on one foot. On my right hand was a ridge of rock, and my feet about the crest of the ridge. The snow slipped gradually for a thousand feet to the foothills. Before I realized what had happened, I was deep in the drift head down, the momentum and the heavy weight assisting materially in my movement toward the center of the earth. It took me but a moment to realize that I was in a predicament, but when I found that I had been down and I was right side up once more, and had collected my scattered senses, I figured it out that I had traveled twelve feet below the surface. It was not a pleasant situation, but its seriousness did not strike me. Five shots from my revolver, the accident would cause, and so overpowered was that feeling that the idea that I might never get out of the hole did not once occur to me. I stepped back and found the narrow trail, and when I stepped back and found the narrow trail, the sun had vanished for that day. The prospect was still far from pleasant. The evening was dark and the snow on the trail, so I had to distribute my weight as much as possible, which I did by placing my hands and feet in a prostrate position, and when I stepped back and found the narrow trail, the sun had vanished for that day. The prospect was still far from pleasant. The evening was dark and the snow on the trail, so I had to distribute my weight as much as possible, which I did by placing my hands and feet in a prostrate position, and when I stepped back and found the narrow trail, the sun had vanished for that day. The prospect was still far from pleasant. The evening was dark and the snow on the trail, so I had to distribute my weight as much as possible, which I did by placing my hands and feet in a prostrate position, and when I stepped back and found the narrow trail, the sun had vanished for that day. The prospect was still far from pleasant. 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